

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
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Saturday, February 14, 1874.

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DR. J. W. STICKLE.
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Office and Residence 75 Orange Street.
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WALL PAPERS.
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FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.
OYSTERS.
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are
informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM"
will be continued in the Fall and Winter
the same as in the Summer. No post-
ponement on account of the weather.

The same Delicious Cream and Ice,
as was served at the EXHIBITION
Families, Boarding Houses, Balls, Soci-
eties, &c.
AT THE SAME LOW PRICES AS IN THE SUMMER.

Boarding house keepers will find great advan-
tage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT
two or three times a week—they can cook up
nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing.
ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF CREAM.
Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We
have all kinds of
FANCY MOULDS.

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES
with all Refreshments needed, including the
BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more
attractive than ever. Besides Ice
Cream and Ice, we are now
serving up
OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they
desire.
The same liberal policy that characterizes us
in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to
Oysters, &c., so drop in and see us.
FUSSELL.
Oct 25-1y No. 505 Broad Street.

Banks, Insurance, &c.
North Ward National Bank
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
THIS Institution commenced business on the
24th of February last, in the Rhodes Build-
ing, No. 443 Broad Street, nearly opposite the
& E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently lo-
cated for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and
vicinity who may desire to have banking facili-
ties in Newark.

DIRECTORS.
H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller,
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J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph Feder,
P. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,
Benj. F. Crane, George Rosz, Cashier.

PEOPLE'S
Savings Institution,
443 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.
At a meeting of the Board of Managers,
held this day, a dividend at the rate of
7 PER CENT PER ANNUM,
was declared on all deposits entitled there-
to on the 1st of November, payable on or
after November 18th, and if not drawn to be
counted as principal from November
1st.

Money deposited on or before November
1st, will draw interest from that date.
H. M. RHODES, President.
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS'
Insurance Company,
443 BROAD STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.
JAS. J. DARLING, President.
A. P. SCHAEFFER, Secretary.
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.
NEWARK, N. J.
Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1872	\$39,341 75	81
Received for premiums during the year	\$5,344 168	51
Received for interest during the year	1,584 116	18
Received for dividends during the year	770	99
Total receipts for 1873	\$6,969 055	68
Paid claims by death	\$1,911 444	72
Paid annuities	40,501	11
Paid surrenders	296,024	98
Paid advertising and printing	64,004	90
Paid contingencies	85,845	91
Paid postage and exchange	11,913	49
Paid change	84,644	00
Paid commissions to agents	406,943	88
Paid physicians' fees	20,887	23
Paid annuities	1,460	70
Paid return premiums	1,660,435	00
Total disbursements	\$4,375,063	91
Balance on hand	\$6,969 055	68
Balance on deposit	4,574,068	91
Total	\$2,395 06	
Assets	\$26,457,787	38

ASSETS.
Cash on hand \$ 503,717 34
Real estate 149,062 98
United States secu-
rities 1,551,500 00
State, city and
county bonds 6,135,800 00
Bonds and mort-
gages 10,324,302 70
Loans on policies in
force 6,552,970 90
Loans on scrip 1,455 41
Due from premium
course of transac-
tion 115,978 26
Interest due and ac-
crued 544,681 88
Premiums due and
not yet received
on issues prin-
cipally of Novem-
ber and Decem-
ber of this sum \$150,000
has since been re-
ceived, January 15,
1873. 453,061 95
Total Assets January 1, 1873. \$26,457,787 38

Ratio of Expenses to Income, (excluding taxes) 5.37 per cent.
The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1873, will be paid to the as-
sured, as their premiums fall due in 1873, in con-
formity with the rules of the Company.
LEWIS C. GROVER, President.
H. N. CORBIN, Vice President.
EDWARD A. STOROS, Secretary.
BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer.

ABURY LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
Office, 505 BROADWAY,
Corner Eleventh St., NEW YORK.
C. C. NORTH, President.
A. V. STOUT,
M. D. SAVIN, Vice Presidents.
W. R. FLUHARTY, Secretary.

Reliable Agents Wanted.—To those who will
give their whole time to the business, liberal
terms will be granted.

The Blue and the Gray.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

"Nothing is sure, in a case like mine, till I'm on my legs again; but I'm certainly better. I don't expect you to be glad, but I hope you don't regret it very much."
"I don't." The smile that accom-
panied the words surprised Murray as
much as the reply, for both seemed
honest, and his kind heart warmed to-
ward his suffering enemy.
"I hope you'll be exchanged as soon
as you are able. Till then, you can go
to one of the other hospitals, where
there are many men—I would say South-
erners. If you'd like, I'll speak to Dr.
Fitz Hugh, and he'll see you moved,"
said Murray in his friendly way.
"I'd rather stay here, thank you,"
Clay smiled again as he spoke in the
mild tone that surprised Murray as
much as it pleased him.

"You like to be in my corner, then?"
he said, with a boyish laugh.
"Very much—for a while."
"I'm very glad. Do you suffer
much?"
"I shall suffer more by and by, if I
go on; but I'll risk it," answered Clay,
fixing his feverish eyes on Murray's
pale face.

"You expect to have a hard time
with your leg?" said Murray, com-
passionately.
"With my soul!"
It was an odd answer, and given
with such an odd expression, as Clay
turned his face away, that Murray said
no more, frowning his brain a little
touched by the fever evidently coming
on.

They spoke but seldom to each
other that day, for Clay apparently
asleep, with a flushed cheek and rest-
less head, and Murray tranquilly sleep-
ing, with a pale face and a little
"waking" dream of home and little
Mary. That night, after all was still,
Miss Mercy went up into the organ
loft to get fresh rollers for the morrow
—the boxes of old linen, and such
matters kept there. As she stood
looking down on the thirty pale sleep-
ers, she remembered that she had not
played a hymn on the little organ for
Murray, as she had promised that day.
Stealing softly to the front, she peeped
over the gallery, to see if he was asleep;
if not, she would keep her word, for
he was her favorite.

A screen had been drawn before the
recess where the two beds stood, shut-
ting their occupants from the sight of
the other men. Murray lay sleeping,
but Clay was awake, and a quick thrill
tingled along the young woman's
nerves as she saw his face. Leaning
on one arm, he peered about the place
with an eager, watchful air, and glance-
d up at the dark gallery, but did not
see the startled face behind the central
pillar. Pausing an instant, he shook
his one clenched hand at the uncon-
scious sleeper, and then drew out the
locket cautiously. Two white mugs
just alike stood on the little table be-
tween the beds, water in each. With
another furtive glance about him, Clay
suddenly stretched out his long arm,
and dropped something from the lock-
et into Murray's cup. An instant he
remained motionless, with a sinister
smile on his face; then, as Ben's step
sounded beyond the screen, he threw
his arm over his face, and lay, breath-
ing heavily, as if asleep.

Mercy's first impulse was to cry out;
her next, to fly down and seize the cup.
No time was to be lost, for Murray
might wake and drink at any moment.
What was in the cup? Poison, doubt-
less; that was the charm Clay carried
to free himself from "pain, captivity,
and shame," when all other hopes of
escape vanished. This hidden helper
he gave up to destroy his enemy, who
was to outlive his shot, it seemed.
Like a shadow, Mercy glided down,
forming her plan as she went. A dozen
mugs stood about the room, all
alike in size and color; catching up
one, she partly filled it, and, concealing
it under the clean sheet hanging on
her arm, went toward the recess, say-
ing audibly,
"I want some fresh water, Ben."

Thus warned of her approach, Clay
lay with carefully averted face as she
came in, and never stirred as she bent
over him, while she dexterously
changed Murray's mug for the one she
carried. Hiding the poisoned cup, she
went away, saying aloud,
"Never mind the water, now Ben.
Murray is asleep, and so is Clay; they'll
not need it yet."

Straight to Dr. Fitz Hugh's room
she went, and gave the cup into his
keeping, with the story of what she
had seen. A man was dying, and
there was no time to test the water
then; but putting it carefully away, he
promised to set her fears at rest in the
morning. To quiet her impatience,
Mercy went back to watch over Mur-
ray till day dawned. As she sat down,
she caught the glimmer of a satisfied
smile on Clay's lips, and looking into
the cup she had left, she saw that it
was empty.

"He is satisfied, for he thinks his
horrible revenge is secure. Sleep in
peace, my poor boy! you are safe
while I am here."

As she thought this, she put her
hand on the broad, pale forehead of
the sleeper with a motherly caress, but
started to feel how damp and cold it
was. Looking nearer, she saw that a
change had passed over Murray, for
dark shadows showed about his sunken
eyes, his once quiet breath was faint
and fitful now, his hand deathly cold,
and a chilly dampness had gathered on
his face. She looked at her watch;
it was past twelve, and her heart sunk
within her, for she had so often seen
that solemn change come over men's
faces then, that the hour was doubly
weird and awful to her. Sending a
message to Dr. Fitz Hugh, she waited
anxiously, trying to believe that she
deceived herself.

The doctor came at once, and a single
look convinced him that he had
left one death-bed for another.
"As I feared," he said; "that sud-
denly was but a last effort of na-
ture. There was just one chance for
him, and he has missed it. Poor lad!
I can do nothing; he'll sink rapidly,
and go without pain."
"Can I do nothing?" asked Mercy,
with dim eyes, as she held the cold
hand close in both her own with tender
pressure.

"Give him stimulants as long as he
can swallow, and if he's conscious,
take any messages he may have. Poor
lad is dying hard, and I can help him;
I'll come again in an hour, and say
good-by."

The kind doctor choked, touched the
pale sleeper with a gentle caress, and
went away to help Hall die.

Murray slept on for an hour, then
woke, and knew without words that
his brief hope was gone. He looked
up wistfully, and whispered, as Mercy
tried to smile with trembling lips that
refused to tell the heavy truth,
"I know, I feel it; don't grieve your-
self by trying to tell me, dear friend.
It's best so; I can bear it, but I did
want to live."

"Have you any word for Mary?"
dear?" asked Mercy, for he seemed but
a boy to her since she had nursed him.
One look of sharp anguish and dark
despair passed over his face, as he
wring his thin hands and shut his eyes,
finding death terrible. It passed in a
moment, and his pallid countenance
grew beautiful with the pathetic pat-
ience of one who submits without com-
plaint to the inevitable.

"Tell her I was ready, and the only
bitterness was leaving her. I shall re-
member, and wait until she comes. My
little Mary! oh, be kind to her, for my
sake, when you tell her this."

"I will, Murray, as God hears me. I
will be a sister to her while I live."
As Mercy spoke with fervent voice,
he laid the hand that had ministered to
him so faithfully against his cheek, and
lay silent, as if content.

"What else? let me do something
more. Is there no other friend to be
comforted?"
"No; she is all I have in the world.
I hoped to make her so happy, to be so
much to her, for she's a lonely little
thing; but God says 'No,' and I sub-
mit."

A long pause, as he lay breathing
heavily, with eyes that were dimming
fast fixed on the gentle face beside
him.

"Give Ben my clothes; send Mary
a bit of my hair, and—may I give you
this? It's a poor thing, but all I have
to leave you, best and kindest of
women."

He tried to draw off a slender ring,
but the strength had gone out of his
wasted fingers, and she helped him,
thinking him with the first tears he
had seen her shed. He seemed satis-
fied; that was the charm Clay carried
to free himself from "pain, captivity,
and shame," when all other hopes of
escape vanished. This hidden helper
he gave up to destroy his enemy, who
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was empty.

coat across the gray, as if the inimate
things were shaking hands.
"It should be so—love our enemies;
we should be brothers," he murmured
faintly; and, with the last impulse of a
noble nature, stretched his hand toward
the man who had murdered him.

But Clay shrank back, and covered
his face without a word. When he
ventured to look up, Murray was no
longer there. A pale, peaceful figure
lay on the narrow bed and Mercy was
smoothing the brown locks as she cut a
curl for Mary and herself. Clay could
not take his eyes away; as if fascinated
by its serenity, he watched the dead
face with gloomy eyes, till Mercy lay-
ing down her part, stooped and kissed
the cold lips tenderly as she left him to
his sleep. Then, as if afraid to be
alone with the dead, he hid Ben put
the screen between the beds, and bring
him a book. His order was obeyed,
but he never turned his pages, and lay
with muffled head trying to shut out
little Warts' sobs, as the wretched
drummer-boy mourned for Murray.

Death, in a hospital, makes no stir,
and in an hour no trace of the depart-
ed remained but the coat upon the wall,
for Ben would not take it down, though
it was his now. The empty bed stood
freshly made, the clean cup and worn
bible lay ready for other hands, and the
card at the bed's head hung blank for
a new-comer's name. In the hurry
of this event, Clay's attempted crime
was forgotten for a time. But that
evening Dr. Fitz Hugh told Mercy that
her suspicions were correct, for the
water was poisoned.

"How horrible! What shall we do?"
she cried, with a gesture full of ener-
getic indignation.
"Leave him to repose," replied the
doctor, sternly. "I've thought over
the matter, and believe this to be the
only thing we can do. I fancy the
man won't live a week; his leg is in a
bad way, and he is such a fiery devil he
gives himself no chance. Let him be-
lieve he killed poor Murray, at least
for a few days. He thinks so now, and
tries to rejoice; but if he has a human
heart, he will repent."

"But he may not. Should we not
tell of this? Can he not be punished?"
"Law won't hang a dying man, and
I'll not denounce him. Let remorse
punish him while he lives, and God
judge him when he dies. Murray par-
doned him; can we do less?"

Mercy's indignant face softened at
the name, and for Murray's sake she
yielded. Neither spoke of what they
tried to think the act of a half-delir-
ious man; and soon they could not re-
fuse to pity him, for the doctor's pro-
phesy proved true.

Clay was a haunted man, and re-
morse gnawed like a worm at his heart.
Day and night he saw that tranquil
face on the pillow opposite; day and
night he saw the pale hand outstretch-
ed to him; day and night he heard
the faint voice murmuring, kindly, re-
gretfully, "I forgive him, but I wish
he had spared me, for Mary's sake."

As the days passed, and his strength
visibly declined, he began to suspect
that he must soon follow Murray. No
one told him; for, though both doctor
and nurse did their duty faithfully,
neither lingered long at his bedside,
and not one of the men showed any in-
terest in him. No new patient occupied
the other bed, and he lay alone in the
recess with his own gloomy thoughts.

"It will be all up with me in a few
days, won't it?" he asked abruptly, as
Ben made his toilet one morning with
unusual care, and such visible pity in
his rough face that Clay could not but
observe it.

"I heard the doctor say you wouldn't
suffer much more. Is there any one
you'd like to see, or leave a message
for?" answered Ben, smoothing the
long locks as gently as a woman.

"There isn't a soul in the world that
cares whether I live or die, except the
man who wants my money," said Clay,
bitterly, as his dark face grew a shade
paler at this confirmation of his fear.

"Can't you head him off some way,
and leave your money to some one
that's been kind to you? Here's the
doctor—or, better still, Miss Carroll.
Neither on 'em is rich, and both on 'em
has been good friends to you, or you'd
a'fared a deal worse than you have,"
said Ben, not without the hope that
he might say one for himself also.

Clay lay thinking for a moment as
his face clouded over, and then bright-
ened again.
"Miss Mercy wouldn't take it, nor
the doctor either; but I know who,
and by G—d, I'll do it! he exclaimed,
with sudden energy.

His eye happened to rest on Ben as
he spoke, and, feeling sure that he was
to be the heir, Ben retired to send Miss
Mercy, that the matter might be set-
tled before Clay's mood changed. Miss
Carroll came, and began to cut the bat-
tons off Murray's coat while she waited
for Clay to speak.

"What's that for?" he asked rest-
lessly.
"The men want them, and Ben is
willing, for the coat is very old and
ragged you see. Murray gave his
good one away to a sicker comrade,
and took this instead. It was like
him—my poor boy!"

"I'll like to speak to you, if you
have a minute to spare," began Clay,
after a pause, during which he watched
her with a wistful, almost tender ex-
pression unseen by her.

"I have time; what can I do for
you?" Very gentle was Mercy's voice,
very pitiful her glance, as she sat down
by him, for the change in his manner,
and the thought of his approaching
death, touched her heart.

Trying to resume his former grif-
finess, and cold facial expression, Clay
said, as he picked nervously at the
blanket.
"I've a little property that I put into
the care of a friend going North. He's
kept it safe; and now, as I'll never
want it myself, I'd like to leave it to—"

He paused an instant, glanced quickly
at Mercy's face, and seeing only won-
dering expression there, added with an
irresistible tremble in his voice—"to
little Mary."

If he had expected any reward for
the act, any comfort for his lonely
death-bed, he received both in fullest
measure when he saw Mercy's beau-
tiful face flush with surprise and plea-
sure, her eyes fill with sudden tears,
and heard her cordial voice, as she
pressed his hand warmly in her own.

"I wish I could tell you how glad
I am for this! I thought you were
better than you seemed; I was sure
you had both heart and conscience,
and that you would repent before you
died."

"Repent of what?" he asked, with a
startled look.
"Need I tell you?" and her eye
went from the empty bed to his face.

"You mean that shot? But it was
only fair, after all; we killed each
other, and war is nothing but wholesale
murder, any way." He spoke easily,
but his eyes were full of trouble, and
other words seemed to tremble on his
lips.

Leaning nearer, Mercy whispered in
his ear.
"I mean the other murder, which
you would have committed when you
poisoned the cup of water he offered
you, his enemy."

Every vestige of color faded out of
Clay's thin face, and his haggard eyes
seemed fascinated by some spectre op-
posite, as he muttered slowly,
"How do you know?"

"I saw you," and she told him all
the truth.
A look of intense relief passed over
Clay's countenance, and the remorseful
shadow lifted as he murmured broken-
ly,
"Thank God, I didn't kill him!
Now, dying isn't so hard; now I can
have a little peace."

Neither spoke for several minutes;
Mercy had no words for such a time,
and Clay forgot her presence as the
fingers spread before his face.

Presently he looked up, saying eagerly,
as if his fluttering breath and
rapidly failing strength warned him of
approaching death,
"Will you write down a few words
for me, so Mary can have the money?
She needn't know any thing about me,
only that I was one to whom Murray
was kind, and so I gave her all I had."

"I'll get my pen and paper; rest,
now, my poor fellow," said Mercy,
wiping the unheeded tears away for him.
"How good it seems to hear you
speak so to me! How can you do it?"
he whispered, with such grateful won-
der in his dim eyes that Mercy's heart
smote her for the past.

"I do it for Murray's sake, and be-
cause I sincerely pity you."
Timidly turning his lips to that kind
hand, he kissed it, and then hid his
face in the pillow. When Mercy re-
turned, she observed that there were
but seven tarnished buttons where she
had left eight. She guessed who had
taken it, but said nothing, and endeavor-
ed to render poor Clay's last hours
as happy as sympathy and care could
make them. The letter and will were
prepared as well as they could be, and
none too soon; for, as if that secret
was the burden that bound Clay's
spirit to the shattered body, no sooner
was it lifted off, than the diviner part
seemed ready to be gone.

"You'll stay with me; you'll help
me die; and—oh, if I dared to ask it,
I'd beg you to kiss me once when I am
dead, as you did Murray. I think I
could rest then, and be fitter to meet
him, if the Lord lets me," he cried im-
pudgently, as the last night gathered
around him, and the coming change
seemed awful to a soul that possessed
no inward peace, and no firm hope to
lean on through the valley of the
shadow.

"I will—I will! Hold fast to me,
and believe in the eternal mercy of
God," whispered Miss Carroll, with her
firm hand in his, her tender face bend-
ing over him as the long struggle be-
gan.

gray coats hanging side by side. As
if the sight recalled that other death-
bed, that last act of brotherly love and
pardon, Clay rose up in his bed, and
while one hand clutched the button
hidden in his breast, the other was out-
stretched toward the empty bed, as his
last breath parted in a cry of remorse-
ful longing.
"I will! I will! Forgive me, Murray,
and let me say good-by!"
[CONCLUDED.]

Items of Interest.

Adam's Peak, in the Island of Ceylon, is
7,353 feet high.

Ceylon passed into the hands of the
English in 1795, before which, for nearly
two centuries, it belonged to the Dutch.

By the Census of 1873, the population of
France numbered 36,102,000, which showed
a slight diminution since the previous Cen-
sus.

Of 4,350 petitions filed in the Executive
office of Kentucky since January, 1870,
asking execution to be suspended, about
three-fourths of the petitioners to have
their troubles to the use of intoxicating
drinks.

Ceylon is 270 miles long by 140 miles
wide, and affords to the traveler a pleasing
variety of scenery; low hills and broad
plains occupy the southern half, while
the central and northern portions of the
island are crossed by mountain ranges
noted for their picturesque and grand-
deur.

Because a man died the other day at a
Russian bath in this city, we do not infer
that Russian baths are dangerous. They
are a great health restorer, and life preserver,
if properly enjoyed.